

OFFICE IN PHOENIX, BLOCK THIRD, STORY

WHOLE NUMBER 617.

A Kentuckian in an Easy Fix.

encountered on his way to Cincinnati a large number of Quakers, of both sexes, returning from an anti-slavery celebration at Cleveland, O. As the cars moved on, the Colonel became engaged in conversation with one of the Friends, and in its course the subject of slavery naturally arose. The conversation increased in warmth and interest, and enlisted the attention of every one present—the Quakers asserting their utter horror of slavery, and the Southerner maintaining with equal feeling its justice and humanity. Stopping, finally, at a way station, a new passenger entered—a large, fine-looking mulatto woman, holding a baby in her arms. Looking around to find a seat, and observing one of the few vacant occupied in part by Col. H., she proceeded to seat herself. The Colonel, with characteristic courtesy, made room for the ample display of ermine. A few moments had elapsed when the dark-skinned Venus turned suddenly to the Colonel, and inquired :

"Mister, did you see any yaller trunk put aboard this train?"

"Well, really, madam," rejoined the Kentuckian, "there are so many yellow trunks that I am unable to say whether the one which you allude to was put aboard or not."

This did not suffice our heroine. In a moment or two—the Colonel having declined an invitation to go out and look up the yaller trunk—she arose suddenly, and extending the infant African in her arms in the direction of our friend, exclaimed :

"Mister, will you hold this 'ere baby while I go and see after that 'ere trunk o' mine?"

grace and dignity, that he would be only too happy to oblige her, proceeded to dandle in his arms the sooty offspring of the lady. By this time mirth pervaded every countenance, and an efficient effort to suppress a general titter told of the amusement the picture afforded. Moments fled—the whistle sounded—but Venus did not make her appearance. Matters seemed coming to a crisis.

At last one of the venerable broadbrim inspired by a benevolent comprehension of the burden the Kentuckian's politeness seemed to entail upon him, and, perhaps, unwilling to add to the slightly malicious and excusable merriment of his anti-Southern associates, crept up to the seat occupied by the subject of this anecdote, and whispered in a tone audible to all:

"Friend, art thou not afraid she will leave it with thee?"

"Leave it with me, my dear sir!" rejoined Col. H., turning around, so that he could distinctly heard by all present and dropping his voice to a loud whisper: "Why, that's just what I should like. It's worth a hundred dollars the Kentucky!"

The few Southerners present shouted with laughter, and the discomfiture of the disciples of brotherly love and sly fun

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How He was Elected.

Two years ago, our friend J. H. E.— who lives over in the mining district, at Shullsburg, ran for the Legislature. The district was close, and it required the best forward to win. The profits to be derived from an election were nothing, but the idea of defeat did not leave any stone to remain unturned by either party to secure a vote. J. — is in the mining business; at times employs a number of men, who delve in the bowels of the earth for profit—so the day before the election he engaged about fifty Republican voters to vote for him the forenoon of Tuesday and

pay he had no difficulty in getting what he wanted, so bright and early Tuesday morning fifty-three good Republicans came together around the shaft leading down to the one hundred and thirty feet, waiting for J—-. Soon he came, and down to the party went, till they struck the bottom when separating to follow the different lodes, soon they were all hard at work, pick, chisel and drill, digging, cutting and blasting for the bright cubes of less than plenty thereabouts. J—- passed round from group to group of men, joked with each other in their labors till half-past eleven, when he very coolly put on his ascender, reached the surface, and drew a long breath, and with the help of two or three friends in the secret, drew the ladder up after him, leaving fifty-three Republican voters hard at work a hundred feet below, with no means of getting out; the ladder was replaced! Taking two rounds of the ladder off to have some more rounds put in, he left for the polls, a distant, and when the votes were counted, night to the surprise of his opponent, J—- had forty-two majority!

An hour later there might have been

ing a lighted candle, emerging from a
tain hole in the ground, like ants from
vial of molasses, profaning fearfully,
vainly seeking for the man "who pulled
that ladder," but for two days no such
could be found. Concluding that they
been sold in earnest, after a consultation
miners agreed to charge nothing for
services, drink at J—'s expense, and
the matter drop—but he was elected.—
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